

Memories are Made of This

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Summary: Cordelia and Doyle deal with Angel's humanity (missing scene from I will remember you)

Memories are Made of This

Title: Memories are made of This (1/1) Author: Pryde E-Mail: MissyB9479@aol.com Spoilers: All of Angel so far. (Up to I Will Remember You) Disclaimer: Cordy, Doyle, Buffy, Angel and the rest of the gang don't belong to me. Not mine at all. They belong to Joss, Fox and WB. I'm just inspired by them. Summary: Cordelia and Doyle try to deal with the repercussions of Angel's humanity. Distribution: Just ask and I'll probably let you have it.

~~~~~ "Are you sure Angel's not mad at me?" Cordelia asked for what seemed to Doyle the hundredth time.

"He has bigger things on his mind than the fact you told Buffy where he was," Doyle glanced over his dry scrambled eggs at her, "By the way, thanks for doing that. Angel nearly got us both killed."

She pouted, "You get your ass kicked on every case we go on... which makes me wonder.... can we charge Angel and Buffy for our services?" He scowled at her, "Okay, maybe not."

Doyle took a sip of his orange juice, wondering how they ended up here. He hadn't been hungry when he got back from the warehouse. Cordelia hadn't touched her pancakes. He wasn't sure why she asked him to join her or why he accepted.

He had a theory, but it was one he didn't want to face up to. tapping his spoon on the table, the messenger tried to make small talk. "You know I'm still getting the visions."

"I remember. Is it just me or do those things seem to get worse all the time?" He shrugged. "Doyle," she asked, "why did you get that vision last night?"

He hedged. "Well, I guess cause Angel was in trouble and..."

"But I thought you said the visions were over, and you could go 'make your mark in the world'." He closed his eyes and took a long breath.

"Looks like they had other plans for me." Plans away from Cordelia. He couldn't help but realize that this was going to be the end of the friendship they had been building. He would have a vision about the new warrior and he'd have to follow it. There wasn't much of a choice in the matter.

Doyle was glad that Angel was happy, but he couldn't help but worry about his fate. Not to mention the rest of humanity. This seemed to be doing so good; the three of them had really hit a groove where they were working together better than ever. Looks like someone up there had different plans.

"Doyle," she said in an unusually sweet tone, "Maybe when you find a new superhero, you could sort of bring me along?"

"Like what, some sort of package deal? I don't know Cordy, people are usually surprised enough to see me." Except for Angel, he had handled the "warrior of virtue" thing pretty well.

"Tell them how great I am. Highlight my many fine qualities!" Doyle ran down the list in his head. Great legs, nice rack, soulful eyes, up to the date fashion sense, large pop culture vernacular. He had a feeling it wouldn't exactly satisfy the high standards of most of the warriors he met. Heck, Doyle didn't meet their expectations most of the time.

But Angel, he had actually understood. He saw what others took as shortcomings as a virtue, in himself and in his friends. "We'll see what happens."

"Could you be more vague?" She leaned back in the booth and sighed, "Look if you don't want me to help you out then..."

"I didn't say that. It's just that I don't want you to get..."

"Oh Please," she bickered, "I bet you're happiest about this whole thing because now you don't have to deal with me anymore." Cordelia did her best to look angry, but a small smile cracked the facade.

"Princess, you wouldn't be fishing for a compliment, would you?"

"Maybe," she admitted, "But only because I am so really bummed. Stupid Buffy."

Doyle shrugged and examined the object of his affection. She never was this unsure of herself, it was a side of her he had seen only briefly when she was being haunted. But she overcame it then, this Buffy problem was worse. "I hate to point this out, but Buffy had very little to do with this. If she hadn't stopped by that demon still would have made a play for Angel."

"Maybe," she conceded, "but then you and I would have been there to

help him. Well you could help, I'd watch."

Doyle shook his head, "We would have been there. Except you had to be all 'that's just Buffy and Angel, let's go get some coffee.' I was the one who wanted to go check on them."

"Yeah, well who's more foolish- the fool or the fool who follows?"

He bowed to her mockingly, "Thank you Obi-Wan Kenobi."

"Who?"

"That was such a quote from Star Wars. Kenobi to Han Solo on the way to Alderaan." He leaned closer, "Looks like somebody is a fan of the trilogy."

"Am not!"

Doyle leaned back, wondering if a fight would be worth it. If this was going to be goodbye he wanted to leave with good memories. Not bickering like children. Of course Cordelia did look so very sexy when she was angry.

"You know what I loved," he said causally, "the new version of the first movie. When that little alien guy shot at Han before Han shot him. It showed he was really a good guy the whole time."

"Are you insane," she cried, "Greedo was not supposed to shoot first. It ruins all the character development. He doesn't have to whole change, the one Leia brought about in him." She slumped in the seat, "I stepped right into that trap, didn't I."

"Completely."

Cordelia exhaled loudly, blowing her bangs out of her face. "Okay, maybe I like Star Wars. But only because Jedi was the first movie I saw in the theaters. It's not like you're free of all shortcomings."

He acted offended, "I am perfect."

"Except for the drinking, gambling, and the really bad wardrobe decisions." Cordelia looked away from him, thinking that his shortcomings were all correctable. Sure he was a fixer-upper, but really all he needed was a fresh coat of paint. But the foundation was strong; he was caring, funny, and worst of all completely insightful. There was no use to lie to him, he always saw right past her games.

"Tell me something Princess," he asked, "Why are you jealous of Buffy?"

"I'm not jeal-" Cordelia met his eyes and gave up the lie. "What's the point? Look, it's not jealousy exactly, cause I know being the Slayer totally sucks. No time for a personal life at all, and when you do finally meet a guy it ends up being a total angst fest."

"But..."

"But Buffy is always the center of attention. Even people who don't know about the Slayer thing, they all adore her. They respect her and nobody ever thinks she's some superficial flake." Cordelia ran her finger across the table absently, "She always gets everything she wants, and I never do."

"What about Angel?" he pointed out.

She rolled her eyes, "It all worked out, they're together now. And it's like the gods just say, 'screw Cordelia, let's just make sure the Buffster doesn't have anything to whine about.' I hate it. I hate the fact that she knows..." her voice trailed off.

Don't back off now Cordy, Doyle thought, not when you're on the verge of actually letting me in. He didn't say thing, just stared at her until she finally looked up at him. She searched his calm eyes and found complete understanding. "I guess it's just that I feel like there's no grand plan for me. But Buffy knows what she's here to do, and she knows that she's important. She's the Slayer. When I look over my life it all seems so random, like I'm not even supposed to be here."

"Believe me Cordelia, you are." Doyle wanted to tell her more, the whole story. The reason he had been so adamant that Cordelia worked for them. While he hadn't been granted access to the books of fate, he had heard the cliff notes; Cordelia's name popped up in it almost as much as the Slayer's. In the grand scheme of things her actions would be key. She was a catalyst and a pure soul on the side of good. He couldn't tell her though, it would risk everything. "I'm glad you're here," he affirmed, hoping to comfort her.

"I'm pretty glad you're here too," she admitted. This wasn't the time to pretend she felt nothing towards him. If they were going to be saying goodbye it might as well be an honest one. "How long until you get .... um.... I guess reassigned is the right word?"

"Who knows, it was a few months between Angel and the last guy." Oops. She stared at him, not sure if she heard what she just thought she heard.

"The last guy?"

"I said, I'd like a large fry. That makes sense, right?" Aw, Hell. He didn't care anymore. The powers that be would be royally pissed at him but he doubted even this slip would bring him lower in their estimation. "See once I got this little gift I was assigned to a warrior. I'm really like the secretary. They send me visions and I pass it on to the fighter. This time it's Angel. Last time it was Cole, the son of a former Slayer. He was searching for redemption too, it just didn't work out."

"As in?"

"He sort of got dead," Doyle muttered.

"Dead! How many of these warriors were dusted thanks to you?" Cordelia demanded. Doyle paused thinking over the last four years. "Eight," he confessed, "No, make that seven. One just went nutty and is in an institution. But it wasn't my fault. Well, the last few

weren't anyway."

"How do you get out of this messenger job then? If your obvious incompetence hasn't gotten you fired, what will?"

"If my warrior finds redemption, then my job is done. I really thought I had it with Angel." He buttered a piece of cold toast and gnawed at it. Cordelia watched him sympathetically.

"I thought I'd found my path with Angel too. I don't know why, but it all seemed right. Like things were just falling together." If it hadn't been for Angel and Doyle she wouldn't have her great apartment, or Dennis. She probably wouldn't even be alive if Angel hadn't saved her from that Vamp before she was even working for him. "I finally felt like I was where I belonged. I'm going to miss it too."

She stared at her food again, feeling vaguely ill. "Want to go somewhere else? The food here blows."

"I'm not even hungry," Doyle admitted.

"Me neither." Cordelia looked at her lap intently, "I was thinking maybe, well if this is the end, we might be able to..."

"Yes?"

She looked up at him, meeting his eyes in an intense gaze. She brought her shoulders up and looked to the side. He squinted, trying to understand her code. She bit her lip and nodded her head. "Okay Cordy, I give up. Just say it."

"I was wondering if you'd like to, maybe, just go and um... um..."

Doyle couldn't help but smile, "Someone call Ripley's, I believe you are at a loss for words."

That hit a nerve. She narrowed her eyes at him, her voice icy, "Let me put it another way. Why don't we go to my place, make out, and if the creepy factor isn't too high we could..."

"Check please," Doyle yelled. When the waitress didn't show up he pulled out a roll of bills and threw them on the table. "Let's go."

Cordelia's face lit up in a broad smile as she gathered up her things; Taking Doyle's hand they ran out of the restaurant without another word on the subject. They didn't talk on the way over, no words seeming quite appropriate for the situation. He reached over and rubbed her hand as they waited at a light. She looked up at him with a grin. She leaned over quickly planting a soft kiss on his cheek. He parked the car outside Cordelia's apartment, covering about three spaces in his haste.

"Cordelia," he said softly, "If you don't want me to go in, or if you changed your mind or anything."

"Do you not want to go in?"

"No I want to but..." he leaned against the steering wheel. "This isn't how I thought it would happen. To be honest I thought you'd never succumb to my charms."

She burst into hysterics. "I'm sorry Doyle, but with your accent... and talking about your charms... you sound like that little leprechaun. 'Keep those kids from me lucky charms.' It's just really... cute."

"Cute?" he said, perking up.

"Yeah, you're pretty damn cute. Not to mention the fact that you actually listen to me. You're eyes don't glaze over when I start to talk, like most of my so called friends." Cordelia took his hand and placed it to her cheek. "Let's go." He nodded silently and got out of the car, he ran around to help her out. "Let's not forget the whole chivalry thing. I love that."

"You like the chivalrous type, eh?" he asked, suddenly sweeping her in his arms. He carried her to the door where she deftly slid the key into the lock. She helped him open it, turning the knob as he pushed it ajar with his foot. Doyle caressed her hair, letting out a small groan.

"Dennis," Cordelia called out, "If you're here... go away. Or at least go into the other room." Doyle lowered her on the couch and kneeled before her. She leaned forward, kissing him gently. The tentative motion grew quickly, until she was pulling him onto the couch. He ran his hands down her back, sending sensations through every one of her nerves. "This is perfect," she purred, "you are a great kisser and you notice my shoes."

He blushed at the compliment, "I have to be honest with you Delia. I was noticing your legs, the shoes were just attached." She shook with laughter, pulling him closer.

"Things weren't supposed to happen like this. We we're supposed to have like this long sexual tension until one day it just got too much and we did it on my desk. You know, like Mulder and Scully."

"Like Han and Leia," Doyle observed, "See, I too am a geek."

"Yes, but we already knew that." Cordelia stared at him, trying to keep her composure. But she couldn't, her face was all smiles. "Maybe this whole human Angel thing isn't so bad. I mean, if you stay in LA."

"And as we know all too well," Doyle stepped in, "There's a heck of a lot of evil in this town."

"Maybe it could work. We could still see each other; even go out on actual dates. If I can remember how those go." He buried his face in her hair, nuzzling her neck gently. She slid into his embrace, wrapping one leg around him, "Or we could just do this." Cordelia closed her eyes, anticipating his warm lips against hers. Instead he tensed up, pulled her tight to him when he began shaking uncontrollably. A vision.

"Doyle, she said gently to his frozen face. He could hear her voice calling out to him, but before his eyes were rapid images. Angel. The

Post office. The oracles. It was the first time he had ever seen them, and they looked remarkably Trek like to him. They talk. They argue. A clock. Buffy. Angel. She's crying. Then they are back again, back to where he and Cordelia had left them. That demon runs in and Angel takes it out. It's different. The past has changed. This never happens. We never happen.

"Doyle," Cordelia said again, cradling his head. "What is it? Should I call Angel?"

"He knows," Doyle said hoarsely, holding on to her for dear life. "It's all going to be the way it is supposed to be," he said, trying to reassure himself. It was little conciliation. "You owe me one!," Doyle said to whatever god was listening. Cordelia drew him for one last kiss before it all rewound.

For some reason he suddenly felt dizzy, he paused a moment before following Cordelia out of the room. "We still have time for a cappuccino, and probably the director's cut of Titanic." He froze for a moment, feeling the strongest sense of Deja Vu. Hadn't he just been here? He could remember everything the split second before it happened. The elevator being late, Cordelia giving up and taking the stairs. It was very unsettling. He had to stop for a moment to collect his thoughts, trying to figure out if this was a new type of vision.

"How out of shape are you?" Cordelia sniped, "I mean it's just a few flights of stairs."

Doyle rolled his eyes, "That's not it, I'm just feeling so strange. Like we've done this all before." Cordelia pushed open the door to the stairwell as the elevator opened on the bottom floor. Doyle's dreamlike auto pilot shut off as Buffy stared at he and Cordelia from the elevator. "It was nice to meet you," she said softly.

"Good seeing you too, Buffy," Cordelia remarked with an icy tone, "Tell everyone in Sunnydale I said hello. And I'm doing just wonderful."

Buffy tried to smile, "Good for you Cordelia. I hope you two are as happy as you seem." She pushed open the door and into the bright light of the street.

"Can you believe that?" Cordelia cried, "She actually thought that we were a couple. Isn't that insane!"

"Completely," Doyle muttered, still feeling a bit out of it. "Still want to grab those coffees?"

"Maybe we should go check on Angel. Just in case our over reacting a couple of minutes ago gave him any ideas." They walked in the elevator; Doyle leaned over, hitting a button. "We'll get them later on."

"Fine," he agreed, "You owe me one." The pair turned to each other for a moment in pure confusion. They sighed simultaneously and faced forward as the doors closed.

End

file.